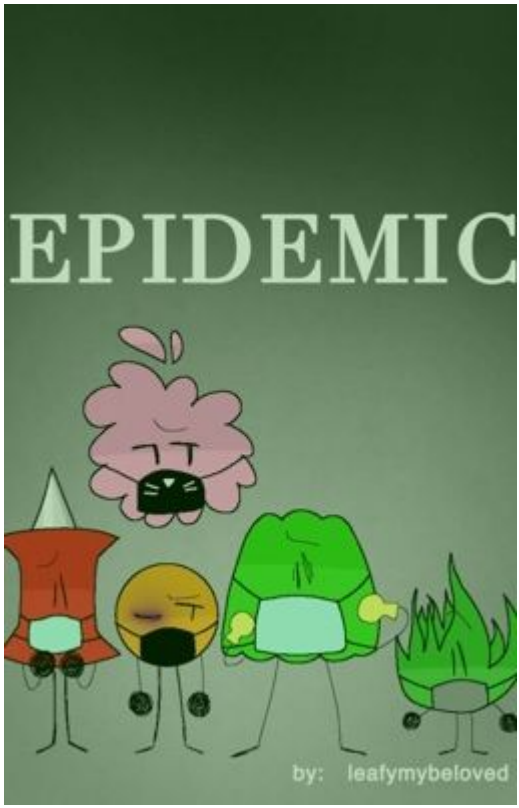
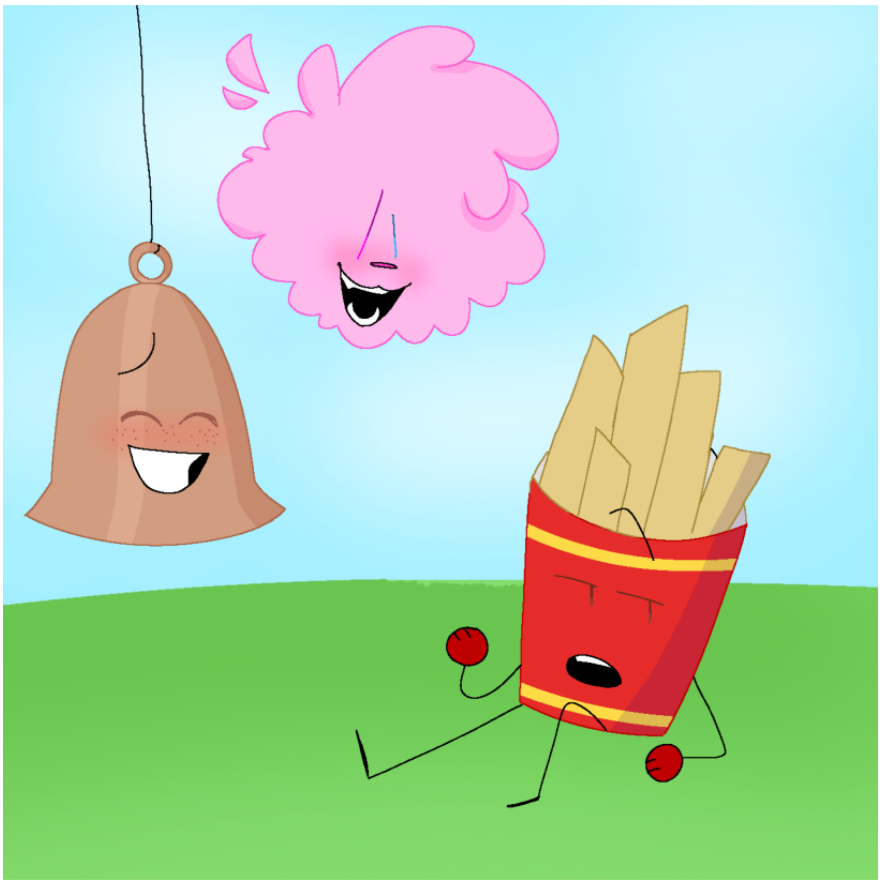

EPIDEMIC
by: leafymybeloved

Don't Get Sick

Puffball POV:



I was chatting with Bell and Fries, happily floating above the grass. Bell was beside me, and Fries was sitting on the ground below us, talking about his day. Looking around, I could see people in groups, talking to each other just like us. Pen, Bottle, and Tree were in a group, Leafy, Teardrop, Lollipop, and Balloony were in another, and the alliance was in a circle, probably gossiping about the other contestants-

My thoughts were interrupted by Bell's voice. "So, when do you think the next challenge will start?" I was about to respond, when Four appeared right on cue. Everyone turned their attention towards them standing in the middle of the field. They waited a moment, before yelling, "Everyone! Come to me! I'm about to announce your next challenge!" They had a big, innocent smile on their face, an expression of pure joy. I couldn't help but smile too. I just love seeing people so happy! We all made our way towards them, and they continued, "When I snap my fingers, the air will fill with a bacteria that will give you a small cold. Once someone gets sick, I will clear the air, but the illness is highly contagious! Each team will get masks, gloves, hand sanitizer, and tissues. The last team to be perfectly healthy wins!"

A pile of supplies appeared in front of every team, and everyone put their masks on. My team helped me and Bell, since we didn't have limbs. After a few seconds, only one person remained without a mask; Cloudy. His teammates were struggling to get the mask around his head, but Four decided to ignore the team's yelling for them to wait. They snapped their fingers and everyone fell silent. Cloudy paused for a moment, and I realized he was holding his breath. We all watched as his teammates struggled to put his mask on as he slowly ran out of air. I wanted to go help, but...I was too late. He took a deep breath in.

His eyes widened apon breathing the contaminated air. The sound of his coughing echoed through the crowd. He fell to the floor, vomiting everything in his stomach. Four's smile dropped immediately. They snapped their fingers again and the air was clear, but that didn't stop Cloudy's coughing. Blood pooled around him as he coughed violently, desperately gasping for air. He could hardly breathe. His teammates watched in horror as he vomited, his face covered in thick mucus. It went on for so long...I thought it would never end, until he stopped. His coughing died down, and after a minute...he went limp. Everyone was in shock. Nobody could speak...especially Four. They looked at their hands, horrified with what they'd done. Normally, I would be angry at him for causing such a gruesome death, but...they didn't mean to. They just wanted an innocent challenge, but they went too far. They turned, and saw that all eyes were on them. Tears formed in their eyes and they opened their mouth to say something,

but...couldn't. I looked around. Some looked angry, while others just looked...devastated. Dissapointed. Betrayed. Four couldn't handle it anymore. We all watched as they ran away, tears falling and leaving a trail behind them. Soon, they were gone. We were all left alone, with this horrific plague.

Leafy POV:
I...couldn't believe it. Cloudy, my teammate...my *friend*, gone in an instant. Like nothing! We all backed away from his corpse. I wanted to hug him, to be with him one last time, but...he was infected. He was dangerous. I felt someone grab my hand and I saw Teardrop, staring at him and clutching my hand. I pulled her close and hugged her. I knew they weren't close, but...still. Seeing someone die so brutally...it's traumatic, no matter who they were. She sobbed against me, and I tried my best to comfort her until I felt someone pull me away. I turned around and saw Nickel. "Are you crazy? She's with the other team! You could get her sick, or she could get us sick!" He yelled. He was right...I didn't want to make her sick. Looking around, I realized that our teams were very close together, anyway. "Hey, wait a minute!" Both teams looked in my direction, "What if we work together? Become the same team? Since we started off this challenge so close!" They all thought for a moment, before Book spoke, "Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt...safety in numbers, right?" She looked around her team and everyone agreed. My team all agreed as well. Nickel looked a bit annoyed, but he nodded his head. "Perfect!" I said, still holding Teardrop's hand, "Now we can all work together! Yay!"

Here's the first chapter of Epidemic! I'm working really hard on this story, so if you're reading this I really appreciate it!
I hope you enjoy! :]
also, the drawings won't be in every chapter! i just wanted to draw this scene :D

Death Pact

Tree's POV:
Cloudy's dead. There's no way around it. It was so early in the competition, and we hadn't prevented a single death. Seeing him die so painfully...it made me realize how crucial this is. Four was gone, and nobody knew if they'd be back. Without them, nobody could be revived. I looked around at my team, and I knew I had to protect them. They're all so...*fragile*. They could die at any moment! I had to get them out of there. "I have an idea, follow me. I know how we can be safe." I said, gesturing for them to come with me. They followed, a bit confused on where I was leading them.

In all honesty, I was confused as well. I had no idea where I was going, I just knew that we had to get out of there. Being far away from the source of the disease means we have a very low chance of getting it, right? We walked into the woods, the leaves and twigs crunching beneath our feet. "Um, where exactly are you taking us...?" Liy asked from behind me. I thought for a moment, "Don't worry about it. Just...trust me, okay? I'm taking you to safety." She didn't seem satisfied with my answer, but she stayed quiet anyway. I sighed and turned my attention to Bottle, who was tapping on my shoulder. "I don't like the woods...it's scary." She had a concerned expression and she looked around. "Oh, don't worry! What's there to be afraid of?" I smiled at her, hoping to calm her down. She only looked more fearful, "I heard people talking...they said someone evil lives in these woods! They said she kills people!" I knew who she was referring to; Evil Leafy. I hadn't taken her into consideration, but...that might become a problem. I hid my concern and held her hand, reassuring her it was going to be okay. "Oh, she won't attack us! You're safe with me, Bottle. I'll make sure of it." She smiled, and we continued walking.

We walked for hours, going deeper and deeper into the forest, and I realized it was getting dark. The whole team looked tired so I thought

it was a good time to stop, when I saw something. A small abandoned shed. It looked like nobody had touched it for years, but it still had a lock on it. I ran towards it, and saw that it was a decent size. Definitely big enough for 7 objects. "Alright, team! This is our new home!" I announced. Some groaned, and some just looked annoyed. "We're going to live in...*that*?" Pie asked, a disgusted look on her face. "I know it's not the best, but...we have to stay safe, and staying in this room will make sure that nobody dies. That's what this is all about, isn't it? Preventing death. Plus, we'll have fun! It's like, uh...a slumber party!" I said, opening the door. It was full of different tools and supplies, which I grabbed and placed outside. It was a lot bigger than it looked, and there was a light that hung from the ceiling. There were two windows, one on each side of the room, and one of them was broken. I picked up a broom from the pile outside and started sweeping the floor, while my team remained outside. They didn't want to help me, but...that's fine. As long as they were happy. That's what I was doing this for...I just wanted my team to be safe. If that means I have to do all the work, then so be it.

After a while, I'd cleaned the whole room. It was actually a nice place without all the dust and cobwebs. I sighed, resting for a moment before calling my team to come inside. They did, and looked disappointed as soon as they walked through the door. Pillow glanced around, "How long are we staying here...? It's really cramped..." She was right. There was room for all of us to lay down, but other than that there was very little space. "Well, we should stay at least until Four comes back, since until then we can't be revived. Ideally, we'd stay until the disease is gone completely, but I don't think you'd want that, right?" They all harshly shook their heads. "Okay, then we'll only stay until Four comes. It should only take a few days." I wasn't actually at all sure when they'd come back. It could be days, weeks, months, *years*, I didn't know. But right now all that mattered was the team being happy.

a/n: second chapter wowowowow
if ur still reading um thanks for reading my terrible writing ig
also yeah poor tree :((hes trying his best
fun fact death pact is my favorite team

The Winners

Pin's POV:
We were all sitting on the grass in a circle, with Loser in the middle. Nobody had their masks on, and the ones who did weren't wearing it properly. I pulled mine up above my nose, suddenly aware of all the air I was taking in. He was telling us about his amazing life of fame, and we all listened in awe. All of us except me. I was too busy worried about the challenge, but nobody else seemed to care. It was like they completely forgot someone just died of a highly contagious disease! Loser was about to start another story, when I spoke up. "Wait a minute!" Everyone looked in my direction, "Don't you think we should be focusing on the challenge? Making sure we don't get the disease?"

Loser laughed. He laughed! Like what I said wasn't important to him at all! "Oh, Pin. We don't have to worry! Soon, this whole thing will blow over." I couldn't believe it. He thought it was just going to...go away? I turned to the rest of the team, "Come on, you all can't seriously believe this. Someone just *died!* And we're gonna be next if we don't start being careful! You all agree, right?" They looked away, averting my gaze. After a few moments, Cake spoke, "Well...if Loser says it's okay, I trust him." Everyone nodded in agreement. Eggy chimed in, "Yeah! I mean, he was right every other time! Why should we stop believing him now?" Everyone was satisfied with that response. They couldn't be serious...right? I stood up. "Come on! I can't be the only one who's taking this seriously!" I yelled, and they all looked concerned. They acted like *I* was the crazy one! Needle stood up and put her hand on my shoulder. Her eyes looked sympathetic, "Pin, calm down..."

I was furious. "Calm down? CALM DOWN? We're in the middle of a...a plague! A pandemic! We all could die! Why don't you understand that? Am I the only one who saw Cloudy?" At this point I could feel tears stream down my face, but I didn't care. "We all

watched him die. We watched him cough up blood until his body went limp! Are you not afraid? How are you all acting like nothing's wrong?" They were in shock. They couldn't speak. Or maybe, they just didn't know what to say. They stayed quiet for a moment before Coiny stood up and took my hand. "Here...let's go somewhere else. We should talk." He said, leading me away from the group. As we walked away, I could hear them whispering. I tried to tune them out.

We walked over to the swings, which were used in a previous challenge. We both sat next to eachother, lightly kicking our feet to rock back and forth. I turned away from him, "Look...I'm sorry I lost my cool there. I just..." I thought for a moment. I looked at him, and he was listening. I shook my head, "You know what? No. I'm not sorry! I just...don't want us to die, but they refuse to listen! You don't think I'm crazy, right?" He laughed, "Of course not, Pin! You're completely right!" I let out a sigh of relief, "Well, at least someone believes me..."

We sat in silence for a while, just enjoying eachother's company. It was nice, until I realized we would eventually have to go back to the team, who surely all hates me now. Coiny must've seen my expression, because he put his hand on my arm. "I have an idea," He said, "What if we never go back?" I looked at him, confused. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, since Four pretty much abandoned us, that means this isn't a real challenge, right?" I nodded, and he continued, "So, we don't have to stick with our team! We can form our own team, just you and me! It'll be just like WOAH Bunch! Only, without Donut, Needle, Yellow Face, Bomby, Spongey, and Nickel..." I smiled, remembering our old team.

"Yeah, let's do it!" I agreed, "It'll be fun...just like old times." He smiled, "Yeah. Just like old times..."

Cake POV:
We all watched Pin and Coiny leave. I couldn't believe she would say that! How could she betray Loser like that? He wouldn't lie to us! We all whispered to one another about her. "What's going on with her?" Clock asked. "I think she's on her period..." Needle replied. "Maybe she's just going crazy?" Firey suggested. We all talked amongst

ourselves until Loser spoke, "Now, now, everyone. Talking about someone behind their back is mean! She probably just needs a moment to herself." We all stopped. "But, Loser! She didn't trust you!" I yelled, and he smiled at me. "That's okay. As long as you all believe me, that's all that matters!" Wow! He's so wise! We all cheered for him until he continued his story from earlier, and we all listened. Now, nobody would be there to interrupt him!

omg losers an anti masker 😠😠😠#canceled
also pin and coiny!! woah!! look at them go!! so proud
i just realized i dont think they have houses🤦‍♂️ where do they sleep

Iance

Fanny's POV:
I hated this. I hated this stupid challenge. I hated four. They killed cloudy and then they just left! They left like a coward! Because of them, we were all going to die. They didn't even give us a place to sleep! Or food! If the disease didn't take us, then we'd surely starve. My teammates weren't helping the situation, either. Match and Pencil were going on about some plan they had, but I didn't wanna hear it. Whatever they did, it couldn't fix the situation. I sighed, leaning against a tree, tuning out everyone around me. It wasn't until Match said my name that I heard anything they were saying at all. "Fanny! Are you even, like, paying attention?" She looked angry, but I didn't care. "No. I hate this." Is all I said, and she scoffed at me. "Well, I was explaining how we're going to get out of here, but if you don't want to come with us, that's, like, fine!" Get out of here? Maybe I should've payed attention, but I'd never let her know that. I glanced at the board they were presenting, and it had a terrible drawing of a van on it. It was pink with orange flames drawn on the front, and on the side it said, "The Freesmart Supervan". The name sounded familiar, but I'd never seen it before.

Pencil pulled a small remote out of seemingly nowhere, and pressed the big red button in the middle. Instantly, a van identical to the one on the drawing drove up to us and parked right next to Match. "Like, get in, everyone!" They both shouted simultaneously. Ruby was the first one to get in, then the rest of us followed. "Where exactly are we going?" I asked, and Pencil looked annoyed. "Well, Fanny, if you had been paying attention, maybe you would know!" I wanted to scream at her. I hated how self-centered and egotistical she was. Bubble must've seen how mad I was, because she put a hand on my shoulder and said, "We aren't going anywhere specific. We're just trying to find somewhere we can stay!" She looked so...innocent. So hopeful. She was honestly the only person I didn't hate. She didn't deserve to be treated so poorly...I had no idea why she stuck with the alliance for

so long. It wasn't fair.

Pencil started the van, and we were off. We all took our masks off, except Flower, who never put her's on to begin with. She said it 'hid her true beauty' or something like that. I looked out the window, avoiding having to talk to anyone else. I hate talking to people.

Ruby's POV
We drove a few miles until we couldn't see the contest grounds anymore. We were on a normal road, and we could see houses and trees on either side of us. We were back in normal civilization, where nobody even knew about the disease. We were safe there. Finally! I looked around at everyone. Fanny was staring out the window with an annoyed expression, Bubble was awkwardly sitting next to her...it looked like she wanted to talk to her, but didn't know how. Flower was looking in her hand-held mirror she brought everywhere, Pencil was driving and Match was in the passenger's seat with her feet up, talking about whatever was on her mind. Lightning and Snowball were in the back talking, but I couldn't hear them. I was sitting alone, so I decided to go talk to Flower.

I got up from my seat, and sat down next to her. She looked surprised at first, but once she realized it was me she smiled. I smiled back, "Hey, Flower!" She put down her mirror, "Oh! Hi, Ruby!" She seemed happy just to talk to someone. I felt bad for her, even if she did deserve it...she was so self centered that everyone pushed her away! To everyone else, she was just a mean, selfish brat, but...they didn't know her. They knew her facade, the girl she pretended to be. I knew the real Flower. She was sweet, and kind to me...I didn't understand why she didn't open up to anyone else. It didn't make sense...they should all see her the way I do.

We spent the next few hours just talking, not a care in the world. It was nice, I almost forgot we were running away from a deadly plague. It felt like nothing could ever go wrong, until she paused. I was confused as to why she stopped mid sentence, and then it happened.

She coughed.

a/n: i love fanny sm

and aw look at ruby and flower <333
flower is an anti masker #cancelled

A Better Name Than That

Blocky's POV:
Only three hours after the challenge started, and Golf Ball was already being a bossy bot. She had this whole plan where she was going to study Cloudy's body to find a cure for the disease, which didn't make sense to me at all. The disease was created by Four, it probably has some alien-magic in it that can't be cured with whatever she has. It was a waste of time, but oh well. At least we were trying. I'd heard that two teams already left completely. What jerks, leaving us all here to fend for ourselves.

Golf Ball made us all put on these special masks from her underground lab, which made it extremely hard to breathe. We had to wait for an hour for her to set up her supplies, and then she made me do all the work! She gave me a nuclear-grade suit that covered my whole body, and I had to drag Cloudy's lifeless body across the entire field and carry him down the stairs. He was light, but that wasn't the problem. The hard part was trying not to look at his face. His face was twisted into a harsh grimace, his eyes wide open, almost popping out of his skull. Dried blood and snot made lines down his face where he'd coughed it out, and the worst part...there was a blue liquid pouring out of his eyes. It was unsettling, but...I suppose it isn't too strange, since it came from Four. He looked like he was in so much pain...I couldn't bare to look at him, but at the same time I couldn't look away. I carried his stiff body all the way down the stairs, and placed him on the table Golf Ball had instructed me to. "Took you long enough!" She yelled. I just rolled my eyes, not wanting to argue. She scoffed and grabbed her supplies. I watched as she took a small metal tool, like the ones dentists use, and look into his mouth. She studied his face, taking samples of his blood and mucus for testing. I left the room and started walking up the stairs for some fresh air. From behind me I heard her yell, "Tennis Ball! Come here, I need you to do something!" I had no idea why he was so loyal. He did everything she asked like a *dog*, while it didn't even seem like

she cared! They were together all the time. Actually, I don't think I've ever seen them apart. Ever since we were kids, in BFDI.

...BFDI.

It's hard to believe how much time had passed. We all changed so much...and yet, we all stayed the same. I missed the announcer. He never would've let this happen...I sat on the grass, thinking about the past. I remembered my old pranks. I remembered the old challenges. I remembered when we almost got Dream Island...the chase when we realized who stole it.

It had started raining, but I didn't care. I took my suit off and felt the cool rain drop on my skin. It felt nice, to get a break from everything. I closed my eyes, thinking about what life was like back then. Back when we didn't have a care in the world. Me, Eraser, and Pen always had so much fun together...

...

Now I'll never see them again.

The realization hit me like a brick. I'll never get to see them again. They could be sick...they could be dead already. Either way, I'll never talk to them again. My face was wet with rain and tears. God, I hated crying. But I couldn't hold it in. I held my knees close to my chest and I cried, I cried for what felt like hours. I just wanted to see my friends again, but that would never happen. All I could do was hope they were safe.

Golf Ball's POV:
God, Blocky's useless. He dragged Cloudy on the ground, and he was covered in dirt! I had to call Tennis Ball to help clean it up. A body has to be perfectly contaminated before you run tests on it, it's obvious! Once TB cleaned the body, I could get to work. I did some small tests, like taking blood and mucus samples. I also took a sample of the strange liquid coming from his eyes. It looked almost like blood, only the wrong color. I paused before looking into his mouth. Sometimes in this type of death, the tongue will have some discoloration, but that was not the case. His tongue was perfectly normal. In fact, everything about him looked normal, except the blue

liquid. I sighed, knowing I had no other choice but to study him internally.

I grabbed my scalpel, and motioned for TB to leave the room. I knew he was sensitive to that sort of stuff. I took a deep breath, before making a small incision on his throat. Wiping back the blood, I saw something I'd never seen before. His trachea was completely crushed. The pipe that air goes through, it was squeezed shut to the point where nothing could go through, almost making an hour glass shape. I winced, knowing how painful that must've been. I stitched the wound back together, and put a sheet over him. I stood there for a moment. This disease, it's so...brutal. It happens so quick, and yet it's the most painful thing I could ever imagine. I had to be careful, running all the tests. I didn't want to get sick.

I got up and brought the samples to my lab for testing. I already had plenty of info on what exactly the disease does, but I still needed to find a cure. And it was going to take a lot more than just one body.

a/n: poor blocky :(he just wants to see his besties
yeah go golf ball!! find that cure #girlboss
woah some info on the disease :00

Free Food

Puffball's POV:
It had been a few days, and Bell was getting worse. We thought she was sick. She'd been getting weaker and weaker...but, I didn't think it was *the* disease. She hadn't been coughing like Cloudy, and it was definitely going a lot slower than what he had, but I wasn't taking any chances. The rest of the team was helping her, giving her food and medicine (from Yellow Face's store), asking her how she feels, always so close to her. They took off her mask, trying to make it easier to breathe. It was...terrifying. I didn't want to be anywhere near her. I tried to keep my distance, but the whole team thought I was being selfish. I did want to help her...she was my friend! But was it really worth it? If it *was* the disease, then she was going to die anyway. It didn't make sense dragging us with her.

...That sounds horrible, doesn't it? I know it was bad, but...I just didn't want to get sick. That's what the challenge was, right? Don't get sick. I was just following the rules...

That didn't stop the others. I knew they hated me, the way they looked and talked about me made that obvious. I guess they were right, though. It was a selfish thing to do, ignore someone who needed help, but I just wanted to get out alive.

Watching them talk to her was always painful. I knew what they were saying...I could hear them, even from far away. "I'm sorry Puffball doesn't want to help," or, "I don't know why she's acting like this..." They always made *me* seem like the bad guy! Bell must've hated me too, even in her weak state. She was always resting on the ground, her string dangling loosely above her. The other's tried to get her to float, but she couldn't. She was getting paler and paler by the minute. I felt bad for her, I truly did, but I didn't want to catch whatever she had. Even if it wasn't the disease, I still didn't want to get sick. The challenge was to stay healthy, Four didn't specify "stay

healthy from this specific disease," they were very vague. I was concerned about staying alive, of course, but...why not win the challenge while I'm at it?

Foldy's POV:
Seeing Bell so sick...it made me feel awful. I tried helping her, and being encouraging, but...it was no use. She was practically already gone...

"Hey, It's alright! You're doing great."

"Everything will be okay! You're going to be fine."

"You'll get better soon!"

Lies.

They were all lies. She wasn't doing great, she could barely lift her head up. She wasn't going to be fine. She wasn't going to get better soon. I felt like crying every time I saw her. I knew she was going to die, but...I still tried to make the last moments of her life bearable. Unlike *her*.

Puffball. She wasn't helping at all. How could she see Bell, her friend, her *teammate*, in so much pain, and not help? I thought she was a good person, but I guess not. She was cold, and heartless. She only cared about herself.

Fries had been doing worse, too. Not physically, he didn't look sick at all, but he stopped talking to everyone. He and Puffball were close, and I guess it hurt to see her betray the team like that. Eraser told me that she'd done that before, in BFDIA. Apparently, in the last challenge, she made her whole team lose just to get a prize for herself. I can't believe I didn't find out sooner how terrible she was. Fries helped Bell with the rest of us, but he didn't say anything. I felt bad for him, even though I had no idea why he cared about Puffball so much. She didn't deserve it. She didn't deserve anything.

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As the days went by, I found that my skin was getting irritated. My legs were itchy and red, and raw where I'd been scratching them.
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Stapy made me put bandages on them, to stop me from itching. They burned like crazy, but I tried to ignore it. I probably touched poison ivy or something, it would go away. All that mattered was making sure Bell was okay. Even though I wasn't sure if she ever would be...

All I could do was hope.

a/n: sorry this chapter is shorter!! :[
yes puffy avoid that disease hashtag girlboss
oh and yeah foldys doing stuff good for her

Missing

Grassy's POV:
I missed Rocky...Golf Ball said Rocky was dangerous, and I couldn't see him! I didn't think that was fair. I didn't like her laboratory, either. That's where we were staying, since Four didn't give us houses. I just wanted to see all my friends!

I liked my team too, but everyone was so sad. Blocky and Golf Ball were mad at eachother, and I hadn't seen 8 Ball in a while. I asked where he went, but Basket Ball said not to worry about it. Tennis Ball was really nice to me, but he looked super tired all the time. I think Golf Ball made him work too much, but he kept saying he was fine.

We all had our own rooms, Golf Ball had prepared them in case a challenge like this happened. She always thought ahead. I thought she was so cool, because of how smart she was, but I didn't like how bossy she was. She always told everyone what to do, and if you messed up, or refused, she would scream at you. She usually didn't make me do things, which was good. I still didn't like when she yelled at other people...I felt bad for them. She was scary when she was mad.

I was sitting in my room, coloring my team. Basket Ball made coloring books for me since we didn't have any. She liked to draw, so she let me color in her drawings! She drew a big picture of our team, and I was filling it in with bright, pretty colors. I only had a few crayons, so the colors weren't perfect, but it was still fun. Once I was done, I brought it downstairs to show everyone. As I walked down, I heard people talking. It got louder as I got closer, and soon I realized they were yelling. I peeked around the corner, and saw everyone (except 8 Ball) arguing with eachother. They were all distracted. I glanced at my drawing, and realized I could go see Rocky. Only for a few minutes, they wouldn't even realize I was gone. I just needed to see him for a minute, just to make sure he was okay. I could show

him my drawings too! I ran upstairs to my room and grabbed as many drawings as I could. I was so excited to see him!

Basket Ball's POV:
8 Ball was sick. Not in the same way as Cloudy, though. 8 Ball had sores all over his body. Blue blood oozed out of them, and it looked incredibly painful. He had been quarantining in his room for days, not able to see anyone. We gave him food on the first day, but I was afraid he might've been running out. I wasn't sure how hungry he was, so he might've eaten all of it already. I tried to convince Golf Ball to get him more food, but she wasn't listening. "He could starve in there! You can't seriously just want to *leave* him."

"He's sick. He's *infected*, Basket Ball. We can't risk anything!"

"By giving him some food? I'm not talking about french kissing him, for Christ's sake!"

"Even being in the same room as him could spread it!"

"You don't know that!" I screamed. She glared at me, clearly not wanting to back down. "You've seen his condition. Even if he gets food, he's not going to live long anyway. We shouldn't compromise our health for someone who could die tomorrow!"

She looked shocked after she said that, almost like it was someone else who said it entirely, but she covered it up and kept a strong face. I couldn't believe it. She just wanted to let him rot in there! He was going to die, and she was letting it happen. I shook my head and stormed off, not wanting to continue talking to her. I went to Grassy's room to check how his drawing was going. I held the doorknob and took a deep breath, calming myself down from the argument. I gently opened the door...

Empty.

The room was empty. He was gone, along with a handful of drawings. Paper was scattered across the floor, almost making a trail towards the door. He must've dropped them on his way out...I started to panic. I left him alone, and he left. He was gone. It was my fault...I ran downstairs, completely forgetting about the argument. Golf Ball

heard my footsteps and turned around, clearly annoyed. She was about to say something, but I interrupted her.

"Grassy's gone!"

a/n: peep the ddlc reference
and woah!! abntt!! look at em go
yeah uh grassy left 🚶 he just wants to see his bestie

Beep and Bleh

Teardrop's POV:
I was fine with combining teams at first, but I forgot about Woody. I just wanted to be able to see Leafy, but he won't stop talking to me. All these years, and he still won't leave me alone. How am I supposed to tell him I'm not interested, when I can't talk? I've tried sign language. I've tried writing it on a piece of paper (he ran away because the pencil I used was gray, his biggest fear). I've even tried kicking him in the face! He just won't give up. I wish I could scream at him. I wish I could yell, "I don't like you!" to his face, but I can't. Even if I did, he probably still wouldn't get the message.

I was sitting on the grass, listening to Leafy talk about her "loyalty list". She kept track of how trust worthy every contestant was in a long scroll of paper. I was second, only behind herself. Some thought it was weird, but I thought it was cool how much dedication she put into it. Last on the list was Match and Pencil. I expected it to be Firey, but I guess she forgave him for not letting her into Dream Island.

Everyone was mourning over Cloudy's death, even those of us who didn't know him too well. Seeing him die like that really scared me...he looked like he was in excruciating pain. At one point, he looked directly into my eyes. His sunken, bloodshot eyes were staring into my soul, almost calling out for help, and I couldn't do anything. I couldn't help him. I just had to watch, along with everyone else. Balloony had become more assertive as a leader. I guess losing Cloudy made him realize we couldn't mess around in this challenge. He gave stricter rules to his team. Both teams agreed that we were still separate, we were just staying together. Book still was the leader of our team, and Balloony was still the leader of theirs, so I didn't have to follow his rules.

I noticed Balloony and Nickel arguing a lot more. I guess Nickel

didn't like how Balloony was acting. He wasn't much of a follower, so having someone always tell him what to do was getting on his nerves. My team wasn't doing any better, though. Book kept avoiding Taco, saying she was infected and dangerous. Taco had no symptoms whatsoever, she was perfectly healthy. At one point, Book even blamed the whole challenge on her! Their one-sided rivalry was getting ridiculous. I had no idea why Book was so mean to her...she did nothing wrong. It wasn't fair.

I looked up, and saw someone walking towards us. It was the first time someone had left their team, so I was a bit surprised. Since I couldn't say anything, I tapped on Leafy's shoulder and pointed in the direction they were coming from. She looked over, and yelled, "Oh, someone's coming!"

Everyone turned their heads, and soon we saw it was Grassy. He came running with a handful of papers, and by the time he got to us he was out of breath. "Grassy came to see Rocky! Grassy wants to show Rocky some pictures!" He said with a smile. Rocky's face lit up upon seeing his best friend, and he instantly ran over. Grassy dropped everything he was holding and hugged him like they hadn't seen eachother in months. I thought it was cute, but Nickel looked furious. "Hey, back off! You might be spreading germs." He yelled. Grassy looked confused, "But...Grassy isn't sick! Grassy feels perfectly fine!" Nickel rolled his eyes, and before he could say anything else Balloony cut in. "It should be fine, there's no harm in letting them see eachother for a little while." Nickel somehow looked personally offended by this.

"Are you kidding me? Some little kid comes rushing in, and you just let him? What happened to King Balloony, huh? Why are you suddenly being so generous?"

"Come on, Nickel. Don't be ridiculous. Letting them see eachother won't do any harm. Grassy said it himself, he feels perfectly fine."

Nickel laughed, but not in a casual way. He laughed in a "I can't believe how stupid what you just said was" way. "Oh, well in THAT case, everything's fine, right? We should just all take our masks off and go about our lives, because we *feel* fine! Let's go see all the other teams, it's not like anybody died!"

Balloony turned away, and there was a glint of sorrow in his eyes. "Just let the kids play, Nickel." His voice was shaky, and I knew he was still in pain by Cloudy's death. I mean, why wouldn't he be? They were close. Nickel still looked angry, but he took the hint and stopped. The whole time, Grassy was showing Rocky his drawings, sitting on the grass next to eachother. I wanted to get away from the drama, so I walked over to them. I pointed at a particular drawing, and he held it up to me. It was of Golf Ball, and she was colored in with a light blue. I assumed it was because he didn't have gray. She had frowny faces drawn all around her, and I gestured to them with a questioning look. He looked at the paper, "Oh, well Grassy was mad at GB when Grassy drew this, so Grassy put frowns! GB was yelling at TB which made Grassy sad," He explained. I nodded, knowing how bossy GB can be. I sat down next to him and he continued to explain his art to me. The rest of the team was silent, especially Balloony. I wondered when Grassy's team would come pick him up.

a/n: aww look at grassy and rocky :]
and slight leafdrop??? possibly????? im so sick of wooddrop in fics its literally so bad
this ones a little longer than the rest so enjoy that ig

Concussion

Coiny's POV:
Me and Pin were on our own, free from The Losers for good. It's a fitting name, if you think about it. They were going to lose this challenge. Sooner or later, Loser would face the consequences of his actions, and get sick. If we hadn't left, we would too. We mostly stayed in the woods, not too far from the field. We lived off whatever we could find, mostly berries. I had a plan I hadn't told Pin about yet. We needed supplies, we couldn't continue on with nothing. I wanted to go back to the team, and take some stuff with us. It wasn't stealing, of course. Four gave each team just enough for everyone, so all we would be doing is taking our share of the stuff. Plus, we could take some food with us as well. I knew Loser had a stash of snacks, (that's just how *amazing* he is. I had no idea how things always went his way, but it wasn't fair.) I'm sure it'd be fine if we just took a *little* bit, just enough to stay alive.

We were walking in the woods, not going anywhere in particular. Just in need of something to do. I wanted to bring up my plan, but I wasn't sure if she'd be on board. She might say it was a bad idea, or that it was wrong. She'd be right, but we had no other choice. I cleared my throat, and she turned her attention towards me. "Y'know...we can't go on like this." "What do you mean?" She asked, I stopped walking, and she did the same. "This whole thing! We don't have enough food, or recourses..." I subconsciously lowered my voice, as if someone was standing behind me listening to my every word. "I think we should take stuff from The Losers." It felt weird, talking about that team in the third person. I still wasn't used to separating myself from them. She looked a bit shocked, but then she nodded, "You're right. We can't keep doing this...I just wasn't sure what to do about it." I was surprised she agreed so fast, but it was a pleasant surprise. I didn't want to have to argue with her, especially since it was only us. If we split up, we'd both be alone. I guess, strategically, that makes the most sense. If you're completely isolated, that means

you have nobody to get you sick. It would be the quickest way to win the challenge, but I didn't care. I didn't want to leave her alone. I felt...happy, when I was around her. When I was with her, it was like this challenge didn't even exist. It was just us, against the world. And I had no intention of changing that.

I reached my hand out for her to hold, and she did. We continued walking, and after a while we came across a hill. She laughed, and suggested we run down it. I was hesitant at first, but she looked so innocent. So childlike. She just wanted to enjoy this moment, and I wasn't going to take that from her.

We made our way down the hill, picking up speed as we went on. I didn't realize how far down it was. It got steeper and steeper, faster and faster, and we were having the time of our lives. I felt the wind rush past me and I felt like I was flying, my legs moving on their own with the momentum of the steep hill. I heard Pin's joyful laughter beside me, and I laughed as well. We didn't have a care in the world. I started to pick up speed, but I didn't notice. It wasn't until I felt a tug on my hand, and heard her voice, "Hey— Coiny, wait!" I turned around, but I was going too fast and I couldn't stop. I pulled her too far, and she fell into me. Her sharp point sliced into my mouth, and she rolled down the hill past me. I put my hand to my lip, feeling the blood from the fresh wound. It stung, but I continued running down the hill. Pin lay at the bottom, and when I caught up to her, I knelt by her side. "Pin, are you okay? Are you hurt?" She sat up, clutching her head, and nodded, "M-my head..." I removed her hand and saw a large bruise on the side of her head. I winced, knowing how painful it must've been. I put my arm around her, still using the other to cover my mouth, and helped her up. She stumbled a bit, and put all her weight on me to keep steady. Her eyes were half-closed, and it looked like she was about to pass out. I brought her to a log, and sat her down.

I held up two fingers in front of her and asked, "How many fingers am I holding up?" She focused for a while, too long for such a simple question, "Four...?" She said groggily. I sighed, realizing she had a concussion. "It'll be okay, Pin...you just need some rest. We'll sleep here for a while, and I'm sure you'll be fine in no time!" I tried to stay positive, even if I didn't know how long it would be until she was

okay. She gave me a weak smile, and lay down on the log. I sat next to it, removing my hand from my mouth and seeing the blood. There was a lot more than I thought. I made a mental note to steal bandages from The Losers, if they had any. Maybe some ice, too, for Pin's head. For now, all we could do was rest.

a/n: shout out to my mom for telling me abt concussions for this writing pin and coiny make me go <333
even tho theyre both injured lol

Silence

Pen's POV:
We had been stuck in that room for who knows how long. It felt like months, but it was probably only a few weeks. Every second dragged along like years. I was so sick of this, staying in the same small room. We couldn't leave at all, Tree wouldn't let us. He convinced himself that we'd drop dead the second we step out the door. We thought we'd be out by now...we thought Four would've come back, but we were wrong.

The only person who was allowed outside was Black Hole. He didn't breathe, so he couldn't get the disease. He was always sent to get food, or to check on the others. He was our only connection to the outside, telling us if anybody died, or was sick. Apparently Bell and 8 Ball were infected. Nobody died yet, though. Except Cloudy, of course.

We all had our own areas, which just meant our own corner of the room. Calling it an 'area' makes it sound more pleasant, like we had our own rooms with privacy and living space. That wasn't it. We were packed into a shed like sardines. The ceiling wasn't very high either, and my back hurt from crouching over. It was driving me crazy, but the others didn't know. I tried to stay positive, even if that's not how I really felt. I kept everyone entertained, showing off cool tricks with whatever I could find, or telling cool stories. I never talked about life before the challenge, though. In reality, I did it to distract myself. Thinking about what life used to be...that made me sad. I didn't want to think about the situation, so I didn't. I kept my mind on other things, and that's what kept me going. Of course, there were things that snapped me back into reality.

Bottle. She always talked about the outside. She always went on and on about what life used to be. I couldn't take it anymore, her voice constantly piercing through my ears, reminding me of how miserable

I was. She talked about how much she missed her friends, how much she wanted to see them again. She had no idea. Every waking second of the day, I thought of Eraser. I missed him and Blocky so much...though, I knew I'd never see them again. That's why I didn't want to think about it. I didn't want to think about how they were probably dead already, or at least injured. I didn't want to think about how they probably hated me for leaving them without saying goodbye...or maybe they were worried. Maybe they were terrified, always wondering if I was okay. I didn't want them to worry, I wanted to tell them I was fine, and how much I cared about them. We were never very affectionate to eachother, afraid we would come off as less masculine. We wasted our lives...I don't think I ever said how much I appreciated them. I wanted to go back. I wanted to go back and finally say, "I love you."

Not in a romantic way, of course.

...

No, it was romantic. I didn't want to admit it, but...I loved Eraser. I loved him with all my heart, and I missed my chance. Now, I would never see him again. I would die in this room, never even knowing if he felt the same. If only I told him.

~~~

Bottle's voice filled the room once again. It was early morning, and I was laying down in the corner, mentally begging her to shut up. I just wanted her to be quiet. I wanted a break from her constant talking. She had her back turned towards me, probably thinking I was asleep. She was mindlessly chatting with Tree and Pillow about who knows what. They all smiled and laughed, in their own little world. It made me sick. Her voice sent waves of pain into my ears and through my brain. I couldn't think of anything but shutting her up. I wanted nothing more than silence.

What happened next was all a blur. I felt almost...detached from reality, I wasn't thinking at all. My brain was only set on silencing her. All I remember was after standing above her, all eyes on me, as she lay broken on the floor.

Tree's POV:
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We were all having a good time. Bottle was telling us a story while Pen lay down in the opposite corner. He was glaring at us the whole time, especially Bottle. He got up after a while and before we could do anything about it, he shoved her to the ground with pure rage in his eyes. Upon impact, a large shard of her head broke off. Her entire body had scars, like she could shatter at any moment. She looked like a puzzle that had been put together, with one large piece missing. I ran to her side immediately, grabbing the shard from the floor. She was screaming and crying, "It hurts! It hurts! Make it stop!" I tried to hold her still so I could put the piece back in, but she kept moving. I tried to calm her down, "Hey, you're going to be okay, Bottle. Just...keep breathing. Focus on me." She looked at me with pain in her eyes. I didn't realize, but I was clutching the glass shard tight enough to make my hand bleed. I loosened my grip on it and carefully placed it in the missing piece, all while everyone was watching. The glass had blood on it from my hands, and I tried my best to wipe it off. When I was finished, I looked down at my hands. They were shaking uncontrollably. I looked up at Pen, who was staring at her in shock. I wasn't sure what came over him, but I didn't want to find out. I turned my attention back to Bottle, "Just rest for now. It's going to be okay." Her crying died down, but tears still fell from her eyes. I stayed with her, making sure she was alright for the rest of the day. I wasn't thinking about anything else. All that mattered in that moment was making sure she was okay.

I wasn't going to let anyone die.

a/n: god i love writing death pact
cutely sneaks in penraser
also yeah bottles hurt lmao pen was in a silly goofy mood

Found

Basket Ball's POV:
The whole team was searching for Grassy. Me, Blocky, and TV were searching outside, while Golf Ball, Tennis Ball, and Robot Flower stayed within the laboratory. He couldn't have gone far, but I didn't see him anywhere. We had been looking for a few hours. "I don't think he's out here, BB." Blocky said, "We should go back, GB and TB probably already found him." I didn't want to give up so quickly. "No, we can't give up. TB would come get us if he was down there." Blocky sighed, and we continued searching.

A few hours later, we were pretty far away from the lab, and I realized maybe Blocky was right. I was about to say something, when TV spoke using BFDI lines, "Over There!" He pointed with his leg over to a large team on the grass. We ran over immediately and saw Grassy talking to Rocky and Teardrop. Blocky walked up and scooped him up, "We were looking all over for you! You can't run off like that!" Grassy looked sad, "But Grassy just wanted to see Grassy's friend!" I knew he had no idea how bad the situation was, so I didn't blame him. He's just a little kid, after all. Just a kid wanting to see his best friend. He didn't understand why he wasn't allowed to see him anymore. Blocky tried to explain why we had to go back, while I turned to the teams he was with. "Why'd you let him get so close?" I asked, more angrily than I intended. They put him in danger, but I didn't know the full story. Maybe they tried to get him to leave, and he wouldn't. Nickel responded without looking up from what he was doing, "Don't ask me. Ask all-mighty Balloony over here." Balloony looked upset from that, "Stop calling me that! And I told you, there's nothing wrong with letting Rocky have some fun. Poor kid's probably traumatized from this whole thing!"

They continued to argue, and Lollipop turned to me. She had been playing cards with Leafy and Teardrop, "Sorry about that. They've been at it for quite a while." I shook my head, "No, it's fine! We're all

a little on edge..." Blocky called out from behind me, "Hey, BB! Let's go back to the lab!" "Alright, just one sec!" I responded. Lollipop looked back at her cards, "You know, you should feel lucky you have a place to stay. The only other team with shelter is living in a shed." I thought about it for a moment. She was right, we were lucky. We shouldn't take that for granted, no matter how bad we think we have it. Of course, the situation was still awful...but it could've been a lot worse. I looked around at the teams on the grass, and I felt awful...they had nothing. It was a miracle they were even alive. I was lost in thought, and didn't even realize Blocky calling my name until Lollipop snapped me back into reality. "Um, I think you're needed elsewhere."

I quickly turned around, and Blocky was waving at me. "Oh, sorry!" I yelled, running towards him. I thought a lot about what Lollipop said. I didn't even realize how fortunate we were to be able to live in Golf Ball's lab. I mean, she might be bossy at times, but in the end she was giving us a place to stay. I should start being more grateful...

"What were you two talking about, anyway?" Blocky asked, and I just shook my head. "Nothing important- hey, is that Tennis Ball?" I looked forward, and saw a green object in the distance. When we got closer, I realized that I was right, it was TB.

"Oh, good! You found him!" He said, "We were getting worried since we couldnt find him in the lab!" Grassy ran towards him and he knelt down, letting the little boy jump on his head. He stood up again, Grassy still happily sitting on top of him, and asked, "Where was he?"

"He was talking to Rocky. I guess he missed him..." I explained. TB furrowed his brow, "Oh...GB's not gonna be happy about that," He muttered nervously. I asked why, and he opened his mouth to say something, but didn't. Instead, he flashed us a smile, although I could tell it wasn't authentic.

"Nevermind. Let's just go back to the lab! I'm sure everyone will be happy to see that Grassy's safe," He looked up, gesturing to the bundle of grass before making his way to the lab, us following close behind.

We all walked down the stairs, and when we made it to the living

room, Golf Ball was already there. She looked exhausted, the dark circles under her eyes were extremely visible. Her round glasses were uneven, slightly tilting to the right. When she saw us, her dark eyes lit up for just a moment. "You found him! Hm...I was sure he'd be inside...79.384% sure to be exact..." She looked annoyed, but her words made it sound like she was excited.

She looked at Tennis Ball, and her tone suddenly changed. She sounded more demanding, angry. "Where was he...?"

TB gulped, and leaned over to let him down on the ground. He slid off, and was about to run to GB, but Blocky put his hand out to stop him. Grassy looked up at him with a sad expression, but when he saw Blocky's stern face he stopped. I turned my attention back to TB, who was sweating nervously. "They...saw him with another team." He said quietly. I was confused as to why he was so scared to tell her. I mean...she was his friend, right? Surely she'd be understanding.

"What did you say?" She growled, taking a step towards us. Subconsiously, I backed away. She had this...dark, creepy aura around her. I didn't know what was wrong with her, but...I didn't like it.

"They found him with another team." Tennis Ball repeated, his voice breaking. Her eyes widened, and she looked at Grassy. Her eyes were peircing through his soul, and he cowered away im fear. He held onto a piece of Tennis Ball's fluff and hid behind him, shutting his eyes. Blocky looked at GB angrily, "Hey- calm down! He didn't know, he's just a kid...plus, it's not even that big of a deal."

She looked infuriated. "Not a big deal? NOT A BIG DEAL? He could be sick! Just look at how many people he's touched..." She screamed, taking steps back, as if she herself was afraid. "He could have infected you..." She pointed at me, and there was a glint in her eyes. "Or you...or you...or you...." She traced her finger down the line of objects in front of her. I stepped forwards, before saying, "H-he's...he's not sick, Golf Ball...it's okay! He's fine...you aren't acting like yourself- please, just calm down...we can talk about this..." I tried my best to get her to be reasonable, but it seemed to only make her more upset.

Tears formed in her eyes, and she flinched at my movement. "GET

AWAY FROM ME!" She yelled, and I backed up once again.

She took a shaky breath, and her glasses fell to the floor. A shard broke off of them, and she picked them up and put them back on as if nothing happened. "We have to quarantine him." She said, extremely calmly compared to the breakdown she had moments before. "He can't leave his room...you too, Tennis Ball." TB looked petrified, too scared to speak. Lastly, she turned to me. "And you."

No. No...this couldn't be happening.

We all saw what happened to 8 Ball...we all saw how GB just...forgot about him. Left him to die...I don't want to end up like that. Tennis Ball shook his head, "G...Golf Ball....no...I...you can't be serious..." He choked out, and she ignored him, turning around.

"Go into your rooms," She said coldly. "I'll provide you with necessities."

Me and TB looked at eachother, both knowing what was going to happen. GB started walking, and we hesitantly made our way up the stairs.

...

We were walking to our own graves.

The place that was once my room, now became a coffin.

I was going to die in there.

a/n: wowowwow gbs kinda insane lmaojshfk
so basically school sucks ass but its okay!!! new chapter after dissapearing for like a month!!!

i also lost motivation buuut im doin better now so >:))))

Unclean

Gelatin's POV:

I'm not safe.

On the first couple days, everything was fine. We were just chilling on the grass like normal. The only difference was we were alone. We could see other teams from far away, but...we stayed our distance. Everyone did, it seemed like the only teams that were less than 50 feet apart were Beep and Bleh.

Bracelety spent most of her time staring at Ice Cube's team. It seemed like the more time she spent away from her, the more her obsession grew. She constantly talked about her, going on and on about how much she missed her, and how much she couldn't wait to see her again. Usually she was calm and happy, staring in Icy's direction dreamily. Other times...she would have full on breakdowns. Screaming, crying...*begging* to be able to see her. Donut and Barf Bag were always there to help her though it. I would too, but...I'm not the best at calming people down.

As the days went by, spending every waking second of the day with these people...I started to notice certain things.

My team was disgusting, to say the least. Everyone in it...was completely unsanitary. With the knowledge of a deadly pandemic in my mind...I saw everything. I felt every germ on my skin. Every little particle...I could practically see it. Spongey's always been disgusting, and Barf Bag is...well, an actual barf bag. Bracelety didn't care at all about germs or anything, and neither did Naily. The only person with any sort of sense was Donut, but...that wasn't enough.

I could feel the dirt from the ground sticking to my skin. I was never like this before...I used to love playing in dirt, and mud, and having fun...but now, I could feel every particle of air that I came into

contact with. It felt like it was going under my skin, deep inside where I couldn't wipe it off. No matter how many times I scrubbed, or scraped...it wouldn't come off. If I wasn't clean, I could get sick. I could die. I...I'm too young to die...I don't want to get the disease! If my team mates aren't going to care, then...I'll just have to do it myself.

Barf Bag's POV:

I was worried about Gelatin. He was getting more distant, closed off. I didn't know why...he's supposed to be super energetic and fun! Well...I guess it's hard to be upbeat in this situation, but...I didn't like seeing him like this. I didn't like it at all. He just...sat by himself, staring at us and giving me and Spongey weird looks. It was like he was mad at us...but I didn't know why. Did I do something wrong? Maybe I did something to upset him...I mean, I'm more than used to people not trusting me. People always assume the worst of me because of the "barf molecules" but...Gelatin was different. He trusted me...my whole team did! Or so I thought...

Well...maybe I was overthinking. I guess he could've just been stressed, and it might not have anything to do with me, but...the way he looked at me...it was like he hated me. Spongey, too. I knew Gelatin was making him uncomfortable, and I didn't blame him.

I wanted to ask what was wrong, but...something was telling me not to. He was my friend...I had no need to be afraid, but he wasn't being himself. I barely even recognized him.

No...he was the same as always. He was just...adjusting to the situation. We all were, he was just taking it the worst.

I walked up to him. He looked surprised I came over, but he continued staring at the floor. I sat next to him, still keeping my distance. I wasn't... *scared* of him, I was just being careful. I wasn't wrong to be a little nervous... stress gets to people in strange ways.

"Hey, Gelatin..." I said, and got no response. "Look, I... I wanted to talk to you about something." I paused, waiting for some kind of answer, but he acted like I wasn't even there. "You've just been acting weird lately. Especially towards me and Spongey... I mean, did we do

something wrong? I know that this whole thing is stressful, but... you're really worrying me. What... happened?"

He still said nothing, and for a moment I wondered if he could still speak at all. I sat there with him for a few minutes, unsure wether I should leave or not. When I was about to get up, his voice broke through the silence.

"I'm sorry, Barf Bag." His voice trailed off into a whisper as he said my name. I sat back down, listening intently for him to continue, but he never did. He remained as silent as he was before. I sighed, putting my hand on his shoulder in an effort to comfort him. "It's alright, Gelatin. I know that it's hard, and-"

He grabbed my hand and forcefully shoved me backwards. I fell to the floor, and hit my head on the ground. He stared down at me with fear in his eyes. Why was... *he* scared? Was he scared of me? I didn't do anything wrong... why would he be afraid?

"Ow..." I said, sitting up and rubbing my head. He walked away, sitting at a different spot on the grass. Well... he'll come around soon. I wasn't exactly sure what was wrong with him, but I knew he'd be okay. He just needed to adjust to the situation. Plus, it's only been around a few weeks... soon enough, he'd be back to his usual self! I was sure of it.

I got up and walked back to the others. Donut seemed to be waiting for me. "Are you okay?" He asked, and I realized he was watching the whole thing. "Yeah, I'll be alright." I replied, smiling. He still looked unsure. "Well... let's just hope he snaps out of it. I don't need to deal with that, too. Bracelety's already taking up most of my energy."

I glanced behind him, seeing Bracelety and Naily sitting together. She seemed pretty calm, but I knew how bad she could get. She just couldn't understand why she wasn't allowed to see Ice Cube. She just needed to realize that... she could get sick. It wasn't a punishment or anything, it was just... how things were. Soon, she'd get used to this too. My whole team just needed a bit of time to adjust to this challenge, that's it! In a matter of time, we'd all be okay. It'd be just like normal.

I trusted us.

a/n: i literally wrote this weeks ago and it didnt save😭😭 anyways yeah! i didnt forget about them dwdw

Hatred

Flower's POV:

I slapped my hands over my mouth, and everyone stared at me.

I coughed.

Pencil slammed on the breaks, and the van came to a screeching stop. We all held onto our seats to keep our balance. All eyes were on me, and not in a good way. Ruby was the first one to speak, "Um...Flower? Are you sick?" She asked nervously. "What? Of course not!" I replied, "I'm not sick! It's just a little cough."

Everyone relaxed a bit, although the tension was still in the air. Everyone was still uneasy from Cloudy's death...even the slightest cough was enough to put everyone on edge.

But I wasn't sick! People can cough without being sick, I probably just breathed something in! Everything was fine.

Pencil took a deep breath and started the car again. I could see her looking back at me in the rear-view mirror, like she didn't trust me. I guess I didn't blame her, but I just had to prove that I was healthy.

Ruby punched me on the arm jokingly, "Jeez, don't scare us like that!"

I laughed awkwardly, "Sorry...it just slipped out!"

"It's fine, Flower! I know you don't actually have it. If you say you don't feel sick, then I believe you!" She smiled at me. I smiled back, but...I felt guilty, in a way. I wasn't lying to her- I really didn't feel sick, but what if this was only the beginning? What if I did have it, it just didn't kick in yet?

No. I can't think like that. The disease kicks in really fast, Cloudy died almost immediately. If I had it, I would've died a long time ago. That still didn't stop the others from being a bit uncomfortable, though. But it'd be fine! All I had to do was show how healthy I was, and they'd understand.

After a few hours of silence, Fanny spoke. "So, we're all just going to pretend nothing happened?"

"What do you mean?" Bubble asked.

"She's sick!" She pointed at me angrily, "She's infected! I hate how you're all letting this happen!"

Ruby stood up to defend me, "Stop it! You cant just, like, accuse her like that! She didn't do anything wrong!"

"Don't you remember? She's the only one out of all of us who didn't wear a mask. I refuse to believe that this is some kind of coincidence." Fanny stood up as well.

Pencil stopped the car again, but didn't speak. She still had her back turned to us as they continued to argue. Everyone paused, remembering how I refused to wear a mask. I just...wanted everyone to see my true beauty! A mask would cover that up. Now I see how stupid that was, but...I can't back down now.

"It was only for like, two minutes!" I yelled, "I wasn't near anybody, and the air was already clear! There's no way I could've gotten it from that!" Fanny glared at me, "You're gonna get us all killed!" She yelled back.

"Alright, that's enough!" Match yelled from the front of the van. She had stood up, so she was facing everyone completely. "Stop, like, arguing! It's not going to do anything. We just have to...get through this. We have to stick together, and be a team! We can't keep-"

Fanny laughed, as if to mock what she was saying. "Stick together? Be a team? You've got to be kidding me. What happened to only caring about your alliance, huh? No, not even that...you didn't even care about them! All you've ever cared about was yourself. You

threaten us...electuocute me...manipulate Bubble into thinking she's worthless! And now you're standing there, all high and mighty, preaching about teamwork and friendship?" She sat back down, having proved her point. "You haven't changed, Match. Your only doing this because it makes yourself feel better."

Match stood in shock. She didn't speak, she didn't have a sassy remark or anything like that. She just sat down. I was happy Fanny stood up to her like that, but now the tension was even thicker. I'm just glad it wasn't about me, though.

Bubble's POV:

When Fanny was done, the van was completely silent. I couldn't stop thinking about her words...was Match really manipulating me? I mean...I thought she was my friend, but I guess when you look at it that way, we weren't. I was always...so afraid around her. Like if I did one thing wrong, made one little mistake...she'd demote me. Scream at me. Hurt my friends...

"F-Fanny?" I said hesitantly. I wasn't sure if she'd be mad at me for bothering her, since she still seemed a bit angry. She turned to me, and for a second I thought she was going to yell, but she relaxed when she saw it was me. "...What?" She said, still sounding a bit annoyed. Feeling bold, and just...needing a way to express my emotions, I hugged her.

"Thank you for doing that. I...never even realized how bad Match was."

Her eyes widened, and she tensed up a bit. She didn't pull away, though, which is the reaction I was expecting. She even leaned in a bit, "Yeah, whatever. I just couldn't let it keep happening. I hate her."

I thought for a moment, still holding her in my arms. A light blue dusted my cheeks, and I could feel my face heating up. The sun was beginning to set, and the warm gradient sky could be seen outside the window. Yellow and orange light from the sun pooled into the car, and made the atmosphere all the more comforting. It was a nice change, from the discomfort that was in the air just a minute before. I'm sure the others still felt that same discomfort, but...all I felt was

warmth.

"Yeah...I hate her too."

a/n: hey lol sorry if u like match but i dont

fubble!!4$2$2);$::

Remorse

Taco's POV:

I spent as much time as I could avoiding Book. I really didn't understand why she didn't trust me...I didn't do anything wrong! I've always been nothing but nice to her, but she still hates me. Ever since the jawbreaker... she's so paranoid that I'll abandon the team. I've never shown any signs of disloyalty... I didn't know why she hated me so much.

I liked talking to Leafy and Teardrop. Lollipop would join sometimes, too, but a lot of the time she'd stay with the rest of the team. I could hear them sometimes, talking about me. I didn't like it, but I guess it's better than screaming at me.

"You have to stop." Said a voice from beind me. It was Gaty. "You can't keep doing this...none of this is her fault. I get that you want it to be, but you can't keep blaming someone who's innocent!"

I listened, waiting for Book's response, but it never came. Gaty paused for a moment, before continuing. "It's hurting all of us, not just her. I know you're trying to protect us and be a good leader, but this isn't the way. All you're doing is tearing this team apart. I don't think you even really hate her, I think you just *want* to hate her. You need someone to blame, so you just...chose her. But she isn't some kind of punching bag, Book. She has real feelings, and you can't keep ignoring that."

I didn't turn around, afraid they'd know I was listening. Leafy and Teardrop looked at eachother worriedly, then looked past me. I heard Book stand up, before hearing a loud slap. "No! I'm not pretending. She is a traitor!" She screamed, and that was the moment I turned around. She was pointing straight at me, glaring daggers at Gaty. Everyone soon looked at me, and I put my hands up as if to say "I'm innocent!"

"This is all your fault!" She was facing me now, "If you weren't here, we wouldn't be in this mess!"

A wave of sadness and anger washed over me. I stood up, "What are you talking about?" I yelled, "How is this my fault? Do you think I want this? Do you think I want to be in constant fear every waking second of the day? Not just from the challenge, but from you! I'm always terrified that maybe you'll kick me out, or hurt me, or...or *kill* me! I didn't do anything wrong- please, just please stop! Leave me alone...I didn't do anything..." Tears fell down my face, and I looked around to see everyone staring at me. Leafy's hand was on my shoulder, and I realized how much my throat hurt from yelling. Book looked shocked, before her face switched to one of anger.

She turned around to face everyone, as if they were an audience to some kind of play. "See? Those are fake tears! She's...she's guilt tripping you! She's making up all these lies to make me look b-"

I ran at her and shoved her to the ground. She hit the floor with a loud thud, and a gust of air escaped her lips on the impact. She struggled against me, both trying to breathe and trying to get away, but I didn't let her. I slammed my fists into her face repeatedly. "I told you to leave me alone! You didn't listen! You never listen! I'm not guilt tripping anyone! This is real, everything you've done to me is *real*! You're the fake one! YOU RUINED MY LIFE!" Blood splattered from her nose and mouth, but I didn't stop. I just kept attacking her, ignoring everything around me. "LEAVE. ME. ALONE."

I didn't even notice when she stopped responding. I didn't notice anything until I felt someone pull me back. When I opened my eyes and looked at Book...I stopped immediately. She was unconscious, her body covered in bruises and blood. Leafy held my arm tight, holding me back from harming her further. Everyone on both teams were staring at me, and it felt awful. I didn't want them to see me like this. This is what Book wanted all along, wasn't it? Now nobody would trust me...I would've killed her if Leafy didn't stop me. This was all part of her plan. She was trying to push me over the edge, and it worked.

"Hey...it's okay, Taco." Said a calm voice. I turned around and saw Leafy, who was now holding my hand reassuringly. "It's not your

fault. Trust me, I know what it feels like to have people not forgive you..." She glanced back at another team in the distance, I'm pretty sure they were the Losers. "But...that's okay! As long as you know, deep down, that you're a good person, that's good enough. Plus, you'll always have me and Teardrop! We trust you! Right, TD?" Teardrop happily nodded her head. I smiled, "Thank you guys...it's good to know that not everybody hates me, but...still. I just wish the others would understand..."

Leafy pulled me into a hug. I didn't realize how much I needed it until then, "I know it's hard, but...I'm sure they'll trust you eventually! We just have to prove that it isn't your fault."

I guess she was right, but still...how would we even do that? It's hard to gain people's trust back after you've lost it. She was dealing with the same thing, though. Maybe we could work together, help eachother gain forgiveness. It was nice to have someone I could relate too. Someone who was always on my side, no matter what. Book's blood still stained my hands and face, but...Leafy didn't care. Behind her, too, was a path of heartache and remorse, her past actions looming behind her like a curse. But she kept on going. I respected her for that, more than anyone else I knew. She was brave. If I sticked with her...maybe I could learn how. In that moment, I was so glad our teams sticked together. If we hadn't...I'd be dealing with this alone.

a/n: i keep forgetting to post these wtf
anyways hihihihi im running out of things to say here

All Lost

Puffball's POV:

There was no point in calling myself a Free Food member anymore. I spent all of my time alone, away from them. I wasn't even sure if anything happened to them. Well...I'd like to hope that they'd tell me, but...I wouldn't blame them if they didn't. I hoped Bell was okay...but, something told me she was long dead by now. She was practically gone right from the start, and who knows how the others were doing?

I floated around the woods, dirt and leaves tangled into my fur. That's where I spent most of my time...it was quiet, peaceful. I tried not to think about everything, but...it was hard. Did I really do the right thing? I was protecting myself, but still...I betrayed my team. We were supposed to stick together to the end, but I ruined it. What would happen if I went back now? Would I be welcomed in with open arms? Probably not. They wouldn't forgive me so easily...not after leaving them alone like that. I just...I wish I did things differently. Maybe if I apologize, they'll take me back! I just have to show them how much I regret everything...show how much I still care...and that'll fix everything, right? It was worth a try.

I flied out of the woods, over to the spot where my team was. When I got there, everyone was asleep...strange. It was the middle of the afternoon. I spotted Fries moving, and my face lit up for a split second. But then I realized he wasn't moving normally...he was twitching, laying on his side, holding his knees. I rushed over to him, and nudged him so he rolled on his back. His face was pale, and dried blood stained his mouth. I nudged him again, and his sunken eyes opened. I was glad he was alive, but...he looked terrible.

"P...Puff...b-ball?" I jumped at the sound of his voice. It was croaky, and hoarse. The kind of voice that feels like sandpaper on the inside

of your throat. I forced a smile, my eyes clouded with tears. "Yes, Fries...I'm here now..."

He shook his head slowly, clearly using all of his strength. "I...I knew you'd-" He interrupted himself by coughing violently to the side, blood splattering out of his mouth. "I...I knew you'd...be back..." I smiled through thick tears.

"D-Dead. All...dead..." He said in almost a whisper.

"W-What?" I said, looking around. Sure enough, the entire team was in the same state as him, only they weren't moving. Foldy's body was red and covered in scars...Stapy had his arms around her, blood surrounding the two of them. Bell had flies surrounding her, and she'd lost every bit of color in her face. Her string lay completely loose on the ground, no longer attatched to anything in the sky. Eraser. Yellow Face. Marker. All of them were dead. Out of their eyes pooled a strange blue liquid, like blood, but...thicker. I took a shaky breath, and suddenly inhaled the sick, rancid smell of rotting flesh. Tears fell from my eyes, as I looked back at Fries. "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry..." I whispered. He didn't respond for almost an entire minute.

I frantically felt his chest, trying desparately to find a heart beat, but it never came. I sobbed against him, forgetting completely about catching the disease. At that point...I didn't care anymore. I just wanted my friends back.

Fries' POV:

"You need to stop, Fries. She isn't coming back." Eraser said, resting his hand on my shoulder. I shoved him off, "Yes, she is! She wouldn't leave us like that. She'll be back any second now." I replied, still looking around the field. He sighed, "Dude, you and I both know that's not true. I don't care how much you want her to come back, she isn't. Just let it go."

I didn't respond, still looking off into the distance. I heard his footsteps as he walked away, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I hated how they were so quick to doubt her. Soon enough, she'd realize the mistake she made, and come back. She had to.

The days went by, soon turning into weeks...maybe months? I wasn't sure.

The rest of the team went about their lives, helping Bell until the moment she passed. When that moment came, it was Stapy who told me. He dragged himself over, bringing me the sad and heavy news. I said nothing to him.

One by one, they all died. All of different causes, but still from the same source. It didn't take a genius to tell that it was the disease. The only strange aspect was... the symptoms. They were different every time. If it wasn't from Four, you'd think it was several different illnesses entirely. Bell was paralyzed until she rotted from the inside out. Foldy was covered in rashes and scratched herself until she bled to death. Stapy was covered in sores. Marker had muscle spasms. Yellow Face collapsed suddenly, dying instantaneously. Eraser stopped breathing. The only thing that remained the same was the liquid coming from their eyes.

Each and every one of my friends, all gone. And I said goodbye to none of them. The only thing I did was sit, and wait patiently for someone who wasn't going to come. I wanted to believe that she would, but there was a part of my mind that doubted her. The one ounce of sense I had left was screaming at me to stop, to go back and spend time with the others... but I ignored it. I ignored it until I had no one left.

Unsurprisingly, I became sick as well. My stomach ached and burned, and the pool of blood mixed with vomit around me grew every day. It got to the point where I could barely breathe. I lay on my side, waiting for the inevitable release of death.

And one day, all my waiting payed off.

I was right. She came back.

But she was too late.

a/n: wowee angst

Shattered

Tree's POV:

Bottle was starting to get better... or, at least it seemed like she was. Maybe I was just getting used to seeing her like this... broken, shattered. The shard of her that I'd reattached was placed in her head, not secured by anything. It could fall out at any moment, the only reason it stayed was her lack of movement. After... *it* happened, she hadn't said a word. She wasn't brain dead or anything- she could function perfectly fine. She was physically capable of moving, talking, living a normal life, but... she didn't. She was too... depressed, maybe? Unmotivated... or maybe she was scared. I didn't know.

All she did was sit against the wall. She didn't eat, although none of us ate much. The only things we had to eat were the scraps Black Hole brought us. I wasn't even sure where he got them from, but... no matter what, it was barely enough.

"Hey, Bottle... how're you feeling?" I asked, knowing very well she wouldn't respond. She only stared off into space with her one good eye. Her other was cloudy and dull, with a crack running through it. I looked at her sympathetically, "If you need anything... let me know, okay? I'm here for you." I rested my hand on hers to try and comfort her, but... it only worried me more. Her hand was as cold as ice, and brought shivers down my spine at it's touch. I had to make sure she was still breathing, since... a living body shouldn't be so cold.

She was breathing. Slowly, to the point of concern, but... she was still alive. She was lucky, I'm not even sure how she survived that. I... really thought she was going to die. But I shouldn't think about that now... all that mattered was she was okay.

Pen didn't talk much anymore, either. He only sat in a corner, tracing the dust on the floor with his fingers. I wanted him to... apologize,

or... at least do *something*. But he never did. He hardly even looked at Bottle at all. I guess I wouldn't blame him... he probably felt guilty. Or, at least, I hoped he was. If he didn't feel bad about his actions... that'd be horrible. He tried to *murder* her. All of the pain she was in... it was all because of him. It made me angry to think about- our team's whole purpose was to prevent death, and he did the opposite. Attempted to, anyway. Even if he didn't actually *kill* her, he still did the damage. He still did the opposite of what the team's motto was. And... I wasn't sure if I could trust him after that.

The rest of the team wasn't doing very good, either. Pillow was always shaking, not out of the cold but out of fear. She was claustrophobic... I guess I should've thought of that when we entered this place. Pie didn't really do much... I think she was in a state of depression. Liy and Remote were the only lively ones, along with me and Black Hole. Although, he seemed to be growing more worn out. He must've been tired from being the one to always gather recources- and whatever else he had to do out there. I did feel bad for him, but... he was the only one who could. He was the only one of us who couldn't get the disease... he *had* to be the one.

I realized I should probably go talk to Pie, since she was getting worse by the day. She didn't even see me approach until I was right beside her. She only turned her head slightly, not uttering a word. Her mouth was hidden underneath her tin, almost resembling an oversized sweater. It would've been cute, if her eyes weren't so full of despair. "...Are you alright, Pie...?" I asked her. She didn't respond, only staring at the wall. I sat down next to her, and did the same as I attempted with Bottle. I held her hand, and she slowly pulled away. That was the first time I'd seen her move in quite a while, but... I wasn't sure if I should be happy about it or not. In the split second I touched her hand, it was warm... almost too warm. The room was moderately cold in comparison. It almost felt like...

A fever.

No... I shouldn't even think that. Her tin probably just kept her warm. I shouldn't jump to conclusions so suddenly.

I looked up, and noticed Liy staring at us from across the room. I got up, and went over to her to see what she wanted to say. Before I

could say a word, she whispered harshly, "She's sick."

I furrowed my brow, slightly offended that she would make such an accusation. "What? She cant be... where's your proof?" I asked in the same volume as she'd used. Without warning, she walked over to where Pie was, me following close behind. It wasn't much of a walk, of course... only a few feet.

"Take it off." She demanded. Pie looked up, clearly confused. I looked at Liy as well, not understanding what she meant. "Your tin," She continued, "Take it off. Or, at least pull it down. Show me your face."

Pie waited a few moments, before shaking her head. She held her hands to her face to secure the metal. Liy looked aggravated, and suddenly grabbed Pie's arms. Pie struggled to break free, when Liy suddenly pulled her tin down just below her mouth.

Her face was covered in blue liquid. It looked like her blueberry filling, but... it left stains under her mouth. Had she been coughing...? I spent so much time focused on Bottle that I didn't even notice. She shoved Liy off of her and pulled her tin back up quickly, clearly angry that she'd physically force her like that. I was upset too, but... I was also scared. If she was sick... we could all be sick too. Liy turned to me once again, looking satisfied that she proved her point. "There. Believe me now?" She said confidently. I glared at her, upset that she wasn't worried at all about Pie. She grabbed my arm, and pulled me back to the other side of the room.

"She can't stay here." She whispered.

I hesitated a moment, "Well... we can't just get rid of her."

"You're right, that'd be a huge waste."

"Yeah- wait, what? What do you mean by that...?" I asked. Her word choice really freaked me out.

She scoffed, "We don't have enough food, Tree. As much as you want to believe that everything's perfect, it's not. Black Hole isn't getting enough. At this rate, we're going to starve in here. She's *made* of food. She hasn't done much else for the team, we might as well put her to

use."

"You... can't be serious..." I said, hoping it was all a big joke. I didn't like what she was implying.

"It's either her, or all of us. Isn't it better to prevent seven deaths than zero?"

I glanced over at Pie, who was staring at us with a horrified expression. Because of the small size of the room... she could hear every word we said. Liy kept her eyes on me, not caring anymore who else heard.

"In this challenge, our top priority is survival. If that means... going back to my old ways... that's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. You have to make that sacrifice, too. Or else we're all going to die in here. It's your decision."

I didn't want to believe it. There... *had* to be another way, right? Pie was our teammate, our *friend.* Was Liy.. really so willing to kill her? And... was *I* willing to go through with it..? She was right, it would protect us, but was it.. really worth it?

All I wanted was to protect everyone. I didn't want to.. *choose* which of my friends live or die, I just wanted everyone to be *safe*. I just.. hoped all this would end soon. I couldn't stand this any longer.

a/n: finally!!! a new chapter after literal months???!?!?

Experimentation

Basket Ball's POV:

I felt like a prisoner, always trapped within the same four walls. Ever since Golf Ball sent me in here... I wasn't able to leave at all. I had enough food to last about a week, but... that was it. I tried rationing it, only eating when absolutely necessary. Even so, I was going to run out. I knew death was very near, and I had to do something fast... but what could I do? Golf Ball's laboratory was like a maximum-security prison, as far as I could tell (and believe me, I tried) there was no way in or out of this room. The door was made of a thick layer of steel, unlocked only by a key which I assumed GB threw away. Even if I managed to escape the door, there was probably a wall of lasers waiting for me on the other side. I felt hopeless, like there was nothing more for me to do than wait for death.

I didn't understand it. I didn't understand how she could be so apathetic. All of this was completely unnecessary- and as a woman of science, I *knew* she knew that. All the data shows that if you don't show signs of sickness for at least a week, you aren't contagious. There's no possible way she couldn't have known that, so why was she doing this? Why lock up three of your remaining teammates, knowing they're going to die a slow, painful death? I'd given up trying to rationalize it, trying to understand and accept her ways. She was a sick woman, one that I thought I could call my friend.

I sat on the cold bed, staring at my last ration of food. I'd been in this room for a little over two weeks now, and it felt like I was rotting. Slowly, shakily, I reached down and picked it up, finishing what was left of the only food I had. As I swallowed, I felt my emotions take over, and I began to cry. I rolled over to my side, holding my knees to my chest, sobbing to nobody. I felt the overwhelming emptiness of the room as I cried, simply waiting to die. This was it for me. The only ounce of hope that lingered on was for grassy, I prayed that he

was given more mercy than I. I just wanted him to be okay.

Golf Ball's POV:

After weeks of surveillance, one of the infected was the first to drop. Subject #2 had passed from a clear lack of nutrition, puzzling because he hadn't even finished his rations. Children do tend to be picky eaters, I suppose. I scribbled something down in my notebook before calling out to Blocky to retrieve the body, who reluctantly came to me.

"What?" He asked, visibly annoyed.

"I need you to bring me another one of the deceased." I said matter-of-factly, zipping up my Hazmat suit.

He blinked, his expression unchanging. With a heavy sigh, he responded.

"Basket Ball."

"No, subject #3 is in stable condition. I need you to--"

"Are you serious?" He interrupted, now showing clear signs of anger. "*Subject?* This is our *friend* we're talking about. And she is *not* in stable condition." He gestured to the monitor in front of me, his voice breaking at the sight of Subject #3, who was under clear emotional distress. The least of my concerns at the moment.

"That is what is necessary, Blocky. You cannot befriend the infected, it is necessary to keep them as--"

"Say their names."

I stopped, furrowing my brow with slight irritation. I turned away from him, my tone now condescending.

"Blocky, now is not the time for this. I need to run the tests now, so go get *Grassy* before he gets cold."

I felt Blocky's presence behind me as I continued my work, preparing the tests for the body's arrival. He stared at me with disbelief,

seemingly waiting for me to finish, or say something else.

His emotions were holding him back, his foolish concern for the infected was going to get the team killed if it wasn't kept in check. If *I* wasn't here to lead.

"The full-body protection suits are hung up in the corner. Sterilize yourself before coming back." I continued, my voice now neutral and calm.

Within eight or so minutes, much longer than I anticipated, he had left and returned, holding the small bundle of grass in his arms in a protective manner. The second I heard his footsteps, I turned around, taking the body from him without a second thought.

"Thank you. That is all, you may leave now."

"Wait, what? Hold on, let me just--"

"No. Any further contact with the dead will compromise the safety and integrity of the team."

His eyes remained unmoving, fixed on the corpse which I now layed on the metal table.

"You can't be serious, he's just a..."

"He's no longer 'just' anything. He is a subject to research that is going to allow me to create a cure for this epidemic. I am not asking, Blocky. Leave."

He seemed to be fighting the urge to break down, swallowing his emotion and storming off.

I sighed, rubbing my temples with annoyance, turning to face the subject at hand. I placed my gloved hand on the body's forehead, feeling his tempurature. Lacking heat, but not yet completely cold. This was a good sign.

There were no visible signs of illness, no scarring, rash, mucus, or trace of infection on the skin. Must be internal.

I placed a metal helmet on his head, allowing the machine to prepare before beginning a brain scan. With the time it spent loading, I caught a glimpse of his dead eyes. He didn't look dead; in fact, under other circumstances I might mistake him for a very still, living child. But this was not other circumstances, and he was not living. Subconsciously, without being aware of it myself, my lips curled into a slight smile. This "challenge" had given me more opprotunity for hands-on research than I thought possible. Object anatomy had always been an enigma to me, and it isn't every day that those around you start dropping like flies, one by one, from a sudden unknown disease. Straight into my laboratory.

Yes, I *was* concerned about curing the disease. Not for the sake of the others, no, just to know that I could. That I, with science alone, could defeat a worldwide pandemic created by an Algebralien's magic? To do the unthinkable, go to a place where scientist and theorist alike have never even dreamed of. And I would do it, conveniently after all my research had been completed. Once I completed my experimentation on all cadavers, I would cure them all, bringing everything back to the way it was. They wouldn't even *know* all that their bodies contributed to science as we know it.

What a *sweet* memorial.

A/N:
I found my old notes for this story, so I'll be able to be more organized and quick with it now :)
I can't help myself from sneaking references to my interests in here...
Anyways hope you enjoy this very very late chapter!!

another a/n

okay so, im gonna be honest with you guys.. i literally have ZERO clue what to do with this book.

this is so stupid but i literally didn't plan an ending😭 like i genuinely don't know how to conclude the story

so i can either just keep going and make it up as i go, or i can rewrite it with a better plan in mind. i'm still not really associating with the osc, but i'm really proud of this work and i know a lot of people like it too so yeah!!

i'm probably just going to continue it and not rewrite it cuz that's a lot of work, but also my writing has improved so much since starting this book yknow

i'll figure it out, i'm so sorry for the dissapearance and thank you SO much for your support!! it really means a lot to me. love you all!! (also u shouls check out blood stained crown because i recently updated that)